

In a village just outside York, there was a race. Not a race with Formula One drivers like Lewis Hamilton or Nigel Mansell firing themselves round a track at neck breaking speeds; nor yet one involving Sunday drivers that cause frustration and stop you from getting to the shops for a loaf of bread: it was a go-cart race and that meant excitement.

Joanne and Emily were in the brownies and one day, they were reading the noticeboard in their headquarters and they saw a poster advertising the race. Now, if you knew as much about Joanne and Emily as I know about Joanne and Emily, you would know that neither of them could resist a challenge. From that moment on, all they could think about was how they were going to win.

As they walked home from brownies, they discussed the possibilities with each other. "I have an uncle and I am sure that I have seen an old go-cart in his shed. Maybe he will let us borrow it?" suggested Joanne.

"That would be great!" replied Emily. "Can we go and see him and ask?"

"I'll give him a ring tonight and I will let you know tomorrow at school. See you tomorrow," said Joanne.

That night, she rang her uncle and he said that they could have the go-cart but he wasn't too sure what kind of condition it was in. Joanne reported this to Emily and they made arrangements to collect the go-cart after school.

Meanwhile, Joanne's uncle cleaned out his shed and eventually, was able to remove the go cart. However, it looked a little worse for wear and it was in need of some repair. The question was, would it be ready for the race on time?